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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

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## TERMS

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## LUNACY IN FRANCE.

I had long desired to visit the most celebrated private Maison des Fous; an opportunity at last presented itself under very favorable circumstances. About five miles out of Paris, near the banks of the Seine, is the small village of Ivry, pleasantly situated, calm, and almost sequestered. The Seine was so swollen by the late rains, that the more direct route by its side was inundated, and we drove a circuitous route. The October morning was very bright and beautiful; we were invited to breakfast at the asylum by its master, Mons. Esquirol, celebrated for the successful treatment of his patients, and his able writings on the subject. Arrived at the gate opened on a winding gravel path, at the end of which embosomed in trees, was the mansion, which consisted of a large rez-de-chaussee, containing a spacious salon, with various instruments of music, card-tables, chess and backgammon. Adjoining was a large billiard-room, which opened into the salle a manger. All these apartments, &c. were for the convalescent during the day only; they slept in a separate dwelling. The higher story was occupied by the family of Mons. —, the nephew and assistant of Mons. Esquirol, consisting of his wife and three lovely children. This was the principal mansion, though it formed but one of the seven buildings comprised in the establishment. Another of these was tenanted by convalescent ladies, and a third by gentlemen. Each patient had a salon and bed-chamber, in which not even the English, and there were a few of our countrymen here, had any cause to sigh for their native comforts; there was so much real comfort in the interior of these rooms—situated in the middle of the gardens, with many trees around, the windows looking only on pleasing objects, on beds filled with flowers, &c. In the avenues were swings and various out-door amusements for the patients. The wife of Mons. —, and her children, dined every day with the convalescent in the salle a manger, it being the opinion that their presence and company had a salutary and soothing influence on the patients. The sweet children and their mother were perhaps rather hazily seated, in the midst of so many partially and half deranged people, yet no accident has ever occurred. The latter are not allowed steel knives; they use silver; and each guest is carefully attended by his servant, who stands behind his chair.—The company consists of ladies and gentlemen; a more gay and cheerful party is not often met with. "You would not think," said Mons. E. to whom they are much attached, "that it was a table of mad people." Pure wine is not allowed being greatly diluted with water; animal food sparingly, vegetables and fruit freely. In respect of dress, manners, &c. this is any thing but a repast of mad people; each guest is well, and some are tastefully dressed. An air of politeness is studiously maintained.

We first entered the hall of the edifice allotted to the men; it was a curious display of gentlemanly derangement. Whoever doubts that it is very possible to be genteelly mad, would be convinced by a few minutes' observation in this room. The maniac, laughing wild with woe—the pale moping misanthrope—were not there. A Spaniard and an Englishman sat among the French—the former was the gravest, and the latter the saddest of the party.

A gentleman of Brittany, of an ancient family, was one of the most interesting—about thirty, handsome, of a florid complexion; the quick and suspicious glances of the eye alone indicated mental disorder. Politics and fanaticism combined had turned his brain: he had a good post under the government of Louis Philippe; resided in Paris; and bid fair to rise to an official situation, and be an ornament to his family; for his abilities were very good, as was evident even in his mad conversation. About three years since he went home to Brittany to pass a few weeks with his family; they were all fierce Carlists, he was a vehement Philippist.—Daily disputes arose between the parents, and his son, and his brothers; they were sometimes aggravated to mutual wrath and bitterness of feeling; he heard the king derided, and contemned every day; he was but one among many, for his family connections were all Carlists. His mind was at last affected by this continued strife with his relatives, and he returned to Paris, with embittered feelings and a clouded fancy that did not however incapacitate him for his office. He soon after fell in with the St. Simonians, attended their societies, imbibed their views at which he eagerly grasped, as if they contained a solace and support for his fleeing intellect; they only augment-

ed its delusions; and in a few months his family were obliged to convey him to the care of M. Esquirol. At the end of the year he was sent forth, cured; went to Paris, contrary to the advice of the former, and resumed his situation. The St. Simonians were ruined; Pere Enfantin in prison; and their extravagances no longer exposed to dange the restored maniac; but the far more dangerous excitement of politics was in full force, and beset him on every side; he again became the partisan. The day previous to our visiting the mansion, he went mad in the gardens of Tuileries, in some political discussion, and was instantly conveyed by his friends to his former abode—perhaps for many years, for a second visitation or relapse is more difficult to heal than the first. He was now the orator of the madman's hall; his religious fanaticism seemed to be forgotten, it had never been so strong as his political, which was the sole theme of his declamation. Seated on a lofty bench that looked like a rostrum, his right hand gently waving, and two or three at intervals listening to his words, this unfortunate youth harangued slowly and distinctly on his favorite topics.

His manner, nor his matter, seemed to interest his companions. It is a sad and lonely feature in this mental malady, that it has no companionship: a deranged person, however calmly or even cleverly he may talk, can rarely interest any of his fellow-sufferers in his own loved subject; he cannot impart on them any sympathy in his own wild or well sustained enthusiasm. This was the first morning of the returned Philippist in his desolate home.—At time, in the midst of his declamation his quick, anxious glances around seemed to denote a consciousness of his infirmity; yet it was evidently a luxury to him, tho' he spoke to careless ears, to talk about politics: a Spaniard, standing with folded arms at his side, alone listened with attention. "Has he been long thus?" I asked of the latter. With a sweet smile the dark-haired and calm Spaniard told me the history of the other's derangement, how long he had formerly been here, &c. "And yourself," I said, "have you been long here?" "Six months ago," he answered, "I was afflicted with a complaint in the chest," (laying his hand gracefully on it), "and came here on account of the great healthiness of the air; there is nothing else the matter with me."

There was a young man of twenty years of age, with a mild and intelligent countenance, who walked continually up and down the hall, talking softly at times to himself, and making signs with his fingers on his forehead or in the air. Devoted by his parents from early life to the priesthood, he was sent very young from his home to be educated, made a rapid progress in his studies, and was contented with his destination, for he was very strictly brought up, and as yet knew nothing of the joys and allurements of the world.—His parents congratulated themselves on their son's temper and prospects; they had two other sons, and could not afford to establish the youngest also in business or in profession. The mother was what rarely now exists in French families, a devoted Catholic, cleaving to her faith rigidly and fondly; from his infancy she had dedicated her youngest-born and favorite child to the church. About two years ago he was allowed to come to Paris to pass a few weeks with his uncle; he formed an acquaintance with two or three young men who visited at the house; they accompanied him to the various sights and lions of the city. All was new, brilliant, and beautiful to the student, whose feet should never have been sullied by his parents to approach the walls; the warning of Esquirol to his convalescent patients to go not or tarry not in Paris would have saved the young recluse from inexpressible misery. His companions by degrees led him to scenes of gaiety and indulgence; by degrees he loved them. He felt that the power of this world was greater within him than the powers of the world to come. It was helpless agony of mind.—He returned to his home, and after a long conflict told his parents that he dared not become a priest, for he was sure he could not live a strict and holy life, and that it would never be in his power. They were astonished at these tidings, which did not, however, move them one jot from their purpose; the mother was even more inexorable than the father. It was strange how she strove, with tears, prayers, and warnings, to turn back his feelings, and desires to their former course; and when she saw it could not be without a cruel violence to her son, she tormented him by her reproaches, and made the iron enter deeper into his soul. Pity, love, sympathy from those he loved, might have done much, but they were not offered to him, or if offered, were so mingled with regrets and suspicions, that their balm was taken away. His countenance was ingenuous and candid, fresh colored, with a light blue eye; it had nothing of the monk or of the cloister about it. The experience of a few weeks in Paris had taught him the secret of his own heart, which he had not known before. He had

long looked forward with joy to a country life, to the duties of his charge, first as a cure and then as a vicar, for his family had influence in the church; he loved that life and those duties still, but he shrunk from the lonely, companionless lot. The anguish of his mind was more than he could bear, self-condemnation was not wanting; from his earliest life he had been the child of his faith, of its ceremonies, its terrors and its requirements; he could not cast them off at will—he could not wrench their long influence from his memory and fancy.

Reason at last gave way, and the wretched another saw her son taken to a mad-house.

**PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.**—The route of the Israelites, and the place where they crossed the Red Sea, are thus discussed in the "Incidents of Travel," by an American.

"Late in the afternoon, we landed, on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and, at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put it into my pocket as a memorial of the place; and then Paul and I, mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called Ayoun Mousa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary, frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head, completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterwards. I seated myself where I fell, and, as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch his tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage.

I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall indite upon the reader. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place, and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle; while the sun descending slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness, which illumined with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

"But to return to the fountain of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but, having no time for scepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country, and the natural landmarks, did not sustain my opinion.—I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolaum now stands, and saw that, almost to the very head of the gulf, there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross—an undertaking which it would be physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women and children, to accomplish with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was, he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite to where I sat, was an opening in the mountains, making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea."

## SHOPPING.

Politeness is very essential to the right transaction of that great business of woman's life, shopping. The variety afforded by the shops of a city renders people difficult to please, and the latitude they take in examining and asking the price of goods which they have no thought of buying, is so trying to the patience of those who attend upon them, that nothing but the most perfect courtesy of demeanor can reconcile them to it, and then it is hard enough to bear. Shopping in the country is quite a different thing; it is a serious business, despatched with all convenient speed, at the end of a long ride or walk, and if the country store does not possess what they want, you must take what you can get, and make the best of it. Instead of being assiduously waited upon and pressed to buy, you can hardly get the busy owner's eye or ear, or find out the price of the articles you really wish to purchase; the customers on a fine day are so numerous, and the attendance so scanty. There is very little pleasure in such shopping; and very few

of the temptations which belong to what passes under this name in a city, when it is often a favorite pastime of young ladies. It furnishes an excuse, in their opinions, for entering all the finest shops, and looking at all sort of pretty things. They like the consequence, which they fancy they derive from being the purchaser of some article, which is to them a great affair, and to which they attach so much importance that they will spend hours, and walk miles, to get a particular shade of color, or the precise form and texture, on which they had set their hearts. Too much time, and too many thoughts are often lavished, in this way, on trifles; and the truly conscientious would do well to set bounds to their fancy in this respect, and to have some consideration for those who wait upon their caprices. If, when you wish to buy a pair of gloves or a belt, or a bonnet riband, you go into twenty stores, and tumble over the goods in each, and take up the time, and try the patience of twenty people, think how disproportioned is the trouble you give, to the want in question.

Some persons believe in shopping as if no one had any rights, or any feelings, but the purchasers; as if the sellers of goods were mere automatons, put behind the counter to do their bidding; they keep them waiting, whilst they talk of other things with a friend; they call for various goods, ask the price, and try to cheapen them without any real intention of buying. A lady who wants decision of character, after hesitating and debating till the poor trader's patience is almost exhausted, will beg him to send the article to her house for her to examine it there; and after giving him all this trouble, she will refuse to purchase it without any scruple or apology. Some think they have a right to exchange articles at the place where they were bought, whereas, that privilege should be asked as a favor, only when you see a good customer, and then but rarely. For the sake of buying a common calico dress, some girls will run through all the dry goods stores they can find, tumbling over a counter full of printed goods in each; asking for patterns at every place, and yet not making up their minds to buy either. They are so puzzled by the variety they cannot choose.

Now, would it not be far better to confine yourself to two or three stores where you are known, and where you can rely upon what is said, and where they have but one price? It is a great mistake to suppose that you can get things cheaper for dealing with persons whom you can beat down in their price, for such persons always begin with asking as much more as they mean to abate of a customer who is of that habit. When you have quite decided on the price of goods you prefer, asking a pattern of that to see if it will wash well is very improper. If your dealings are confined to a few places, and to persons who know you, you can with a better grace allow them something to wait upon you in vain; but, when you have given strangers much trouble in showing you goods, none of which suit you, you should make it a point of buying something else before you leave the store. There are certain articles which can never come amiss to a woman, and in which there need be very little choice, such as tape, thread, pins, &c. Any little purchase, with a civil expression of regret for the trouble you have given, will save all unpleasant feeling, and is the best return you can make for wasted services. If you are habitually attentive to the convenience of others, you will be on the alert to prevent those who attend upon you from opening more parcels of goods than is necessary; you will also be careful how you handle nice goods, and will not tumble them over carelessly; you will not try on gloves without asking leave to do so, nor then, without great care not to injure those you reject.

Be in the habit of calculating for yourself the amount you are to pay, instead of blindly paying whatever you are told is the sum due; always look at the change you receive, and satisfy yourself that it is right, before you put it into your purse. If two persons agree in their calculations, it is most likely they are correct; but without this check, you may pay more or less than you owe; for tenders in shops often make blunders, and a dollar given away in mistake may deprive you of giving it in charity.

I cannot imagine any one of a highly cultivated mind and full of useful occupation, with a just appreciation of the value of time, and of the true end of existence, being fond of shopping as a pastime; to such, therefore, I would say, if you would economize time and money, never go a shopping with girls of your age; never look round a store to see what there is to tempt you to useless expenditure; but, when you have ascertained, at home, that you really need some articles of dress, make up your mind as to the material and the cost; and then go either alone or with an experienced friend, to a well-known store and make the purchase. If you afterwards see something that you like better, it will not trouble you, if you have learned to attach much importance to the subject, and would rather wear something less becoming, than spend your time in all the stores for the prettiest pattern.

Always remember that a store is a public place; that you are speaking before, and of-

ten to strangers, and therefore, there should be a certain degree of reserve in all you do and say, never carry on any conversation with your companions on topics that have nothing to do with your shopping, and do not speak or laugh aloud; but despatch your business in a quiet and polite manner, equally removed from haughtiness and familiarity. Sometimes, in pressing you to buy their goods, your shopkeepers will become too talkative and familiar; silence and seriousness are the best checks to this; and it should always be met by calm self-possession. If you have good manners you will very rarely meet with impertinence or rudeness; when ladies complain of being frequently annoyed in such a way, it is a sure sign that their own deportment is faulty. Self-possession and self-reliance are the result of a well-disciplined mind and cultivated manners; and a person possessed of them will always be equal to the occasion; their looks alone are sufficient to repress insolence. If a slight impertinence produces a great deal of agitation and embarrassment, a temptation is felt to see how a greater liberty will be borne, and, therefore, if you cannot so far command your nerves and your feelings so as to meet such a thing in a calm and dignified manner, you better not venture out without the protection of your mother, or some elderly friend.—*Young Ladies' Friend.*

The following is from the Mobile Examiner. If the advertisement is not all a joke, (and if a joke, it is a very silly one) what a poor chicken-hearted "atomy of man" this Romeo must be! He has the blue devils! and has not energy enough in his composition to rouse him and bid it fly, with society, labor, books, amusements, all before him. He wants to get married, sweet dear soul! Mobile is full of beauty and loveliness, willing to make a worthy fellow happy, and he has not the confidence to approach and "accept the good the Gods provide?" "Get thee to a nunnery," Romeo, and play the woman, but disgrace your sex no further by playing the "sick girl" in breeches. What girl of spirit could endure such a Sheepface. Here is the diffident gentleman's proclamation:

## TO THE LADIES.

A gentleman, aged about twenty-three years, who has for some time past been laboring under that most disagreeable of all complaints, "the blue devils," wishes to unite himself to some accomplished and fascinating young lady, whose age may be between seventeen and twenty-one. The object of the advertiser being to procure a lively and agreeable companion, wealth is of no importance, as he feels confident he is able to provide for a good wife in good style. He is opposed to going through the regular routine of a fashionable courtship, though he is willing to admit, such a course would be less protracted here than elsewhere. He loves to live in good style, is fond of amusements, and will strive to his utmost, to make his home pleasant and agreeable, and (should he be so fortunate as to obtain one) his wife happy.

As the above is sincere, the writer wishes no jokes played upon him. Communications on the subject, addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Examiner, through the Post Office, giving the residence with directions for an interview, or arrangements for corresponding, will be happily and promptly attended to. The utmost secrecy is promised on the part of the undersigned, and the same is looked for on the part of his correspondents. ROMEO.

**CONFLICT WITH A CATAMOUNT.**—The Lakeville, (Ohio) Journal gives the following case of material courage as a recent occurrence. A number of Catamounts had come over the Michigan boundary, and caused great terror among the Farmers. One of them entered the window of Mr. Israel Hawkins, which had been left open, while his wife was engaged in another room, and had crept to the cradle, where a babe six months old was sleeping, before he was discovered. The mother on perceiving him, seized a broad-axe which lay upon the hearth, and commenced an attack. The first blow stunned without injuring the beast. He recovered, sprung upon the woman, and throwing her down, tore her left arm severely. She contrived to rise on her knees with the animal clinging to her, and struck a second blow. The edge of the axe penetrated the skull, and laid the monster dead upon the floor. Her husband came home shortly after, and found her lying prostrate and exhausted, with the catamount stretched at her feet, and her two oldest children weeping over her. The woman was considerably injured but the account states that she is recovering rapidly. Her arm and side were badly torn, but she received no dangerous wound.

Letters from Stuttgart, state that an extensive publishing house, known as the Magazin des Classiques, have purchased at a large price, a manuscript from Balwer, the celebrated novelist. He is under engagements not to publish the work in English for a certain number of years. It is said to be a keen satire on the follies of the present era.